

Title: A Battle For Trinsic

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A dark woman stalks the ramparts of the City of Honor, gazing out over the destruction below. Her gaze falls upon the desecrated corpses of those who dared oppose her, now strung up as

warning to any who plot to strike back. Behind her, the streets of Trinsic echo only the footsteps of her undead army. No mortal man or woman dares walk the cobblestones in safety. The woman gazes over what her whim has wrought... and smiles.

But what of those who have lived in Trinsic for generations? What of the families who lost their homes, their work, even their loved ones? Our spotlight today focuses on the tale of Kotetsu, a young warrior of Trinsic who has joined the battle to free his city.

“As long as I can remember, Trinsic was my home. From the days a youth playing, against my mother’s will, in the mines, to the seasons my father allowed me to watch him peddle his wares at the market place.

“Oh, the wonders I’ve seen at the market place. I’ve found myself still wandering the barren

market remembering all the jewelry, the great suits of armor, and even the glimmer of the newest batch of swords from the local blacksmiths. I now remember the gestures magicians used to show off their skills; the way their sorcery seemed to dance about the city. The magical energy made the city seem to come alive with amazing colors and sights. The bizarre creatures the mages would summon to challenge the strength of the strongest fighters. Sure the parties involved were all the best of friends, but they played as if they weren't. Sometimes the beasts summoned would win, other times the challenger would. It was all in fun and games. Beggars and thieves would coat their pockets with gold staging bets on these fights.

“Those days have disappeared. I'll never forget that day...

It started with a rainy night. The first group arrived with a thunderclap. Thank the heavens that the sentries were strong enough to repel the first wave. The next few skirmishes weren't as deadly, but were more organized. They seemed to be testing Trinsic's defenses. One day, the guards must have become fed up with the unending flow of fighters. The few local guilds decided it necessary to do something about these incidents and took up arms against the dark forces. Being the first

born of my family, my father deemed it necessary to teach me the ways of the sword. First for the protection of the family, and second, for myself.

“I remember spending hours sparring with my friends, becoming stronger every day. We decided to patrol the city looking for any sign of the invasions. As luck would have it, we found our sign. A beggar was cowering in the dark corner of the alleyway behind the bank, trying to hide himself from the darkness closing in for the kill. We decided to intervene. We struck at the assailant until it fell unconscious to the ground. That’s when I made a gruesome discovery. These forces weren’t alive. The body on the ground had only armor, a weapon, and the enchanted bones beneath. The beggar expressed his relief and gratitude and I went home to tell father of my discovery.

“I returned home to find, to my dismay, my father was away holding the gates of town secure from the hordes of invaders. I spoke of my discovery to mother, who was struck with disbelief. After all, Trinsic hadn’t seen undead since decades before I was born.

“The hourly calls from the patrols became a pattern for me to fall asleep to, and one night we received a knock at the door. A man dressed in black introduced himself

as Kain and said his guild,
The Agents of Virtue,
were rounding up anyone
with combat skills. Trinsic
was under heavy attack.

Hearing this in my
half-sleeping state, I
jumped out of my bed,
got dressed, and grabbed
the trusty sword my
father gave me. As I ran
to the front door, my
mother cried for me to
stay home and let the
master fighters defend
the city. I hesitated a
moment, but managed to
convince her that if the
city fell, the surrounding
land would surely be next.
We stood a better
chance behind the tall
walls of Trinsic than in
the fields around the
City of Honor.

“I roused my friends
from their slumber and
we headed off to the
gates of the city in
twilight. It was decided by
Kain that torches or
lamps would give our
position away to prying
eyes, so we used none.
As we approached the
city, the stench of
undead and sounds of
combat reverberated
across the tall walls. I
could tell the city was in
serious trouble. We
headed to a boat used as
a ‘back entrance’ into
the city. As we headed
along the wall towards
the docks, one could hear
the shrill cries of mercy
snuffed out immediately
by the ominous silence of
death. The city was
falling.

“The scene of the
familiar market place was
gone as piles of bones
and bodies littered the
now crimson paved

streets. Within this jumble of bodies, I found something familiar: the now lifeless body of my father. Carefully removing his body from the pile, I moved it to the place he set his tent up in the market every year and said a word of condolence. Taking his armor as my own, I left his body to return to nature. Sword in hand and anger within, I stepped towards the heart of the city.

“The sight was unbearable. Liches everywhere were reanimating the newly slain bodies and adding them to the now huge ranks of undead. Still, the fighters and mages stood their ground, refusing to yield the city to the dark forces. Our forces began to weaken, until we could stand no more losses. Then, she showed up. Even in the darkness, it was obvious she was behind the overtaking of Trinsic. Her actual role in the melee wasn’t much, but I knew she was up to no good when she began uttering the mysterious syllables of magic. It was a long incantation, enough to make even the creatures we were fighting cringe. I couldn’t stand the scene, or the woman. She radiated pure evil. I was forced to flee. I hid in the hold of our boat until the next morning. “When I awoke, all was quiet. I opened the hold and peered out at the scene. I couldn’t believe my eyes! The very things we were fighting the night before were

crawling around in plain daylight eating the corpses of the people I had fought beside! That is when I saw a disturbing thing. My father's corpse was walking around with the rest of the undead.

A voice called my name. If it was real or my imagination, I do not know. It told me that I was to gather forces, and await a plan for the retaking of Trinsic; find forces of virtue, and drive the evil from the land for future generations.

"I have moved to Minoc. This town is less developed than my birthplace, but has the same resources available. I also have decided to stay with this guild of scouts. The evils within the walls of Trinsic have dishonored all the families of the area, and thus must be destroyed."

I vow to give my life to the freedom of the City of Honor.